

TAKING FORT SAN JUAN

Description of the Battle That Preceded the Surrender of Santiago de Cuba—The Spaniards Fought Like Demons.

The attack upon San Juan, the Spanish fort near Santiago, was conducted under the command of Gen. Kent, with the main division of the army. It was a bitter struggle, the Spaniards resisting with a determination and fierce energy that was surprising. After some two hours' hard fighting, in which the attack swayed the right of the defense slowly but steadily backward, the center broke and the position was won. Driven once from their position, the Spaniards had no heart to return. They continued to fight in a desultory way, but retired after a brief period, the main body retreating upon the intrenchments of Santiago, others hurrying to El Caney, where a bitter fight was in progress.

El Caney proved to be the real hot-spot of Spanish strength. The hill on which it stood gave the defending force a great advantage. Not only this, the larger portion of the Spanish army had been stationed there, in anticipation of the attempt to cut off the retreat to the interior which the capture of El Caney effected. These two factors combined made the task before the right flank a most difficult one. Had it not been for the exceptional bravery of the men it could have only resulted in a disastrous failure.

The American attack was well directed. From the front Gen. Lawton led with his infantry force of several thousand men. He was supported in the rear by Gen. Wheeler with four light batteries of artillery, on the left by Gen. Young, in command of a force of the regular cavalry and Rough Riders, and on the right by Gen. Garcia, with a command of some 5,000 Cubans. It was Garcia's mission to pass El Caney to the north and complete the circuit of the city should the Americans fail in the assault on the town. This was an easy task, with the attention of the Spaniards distracted. He, however, disregarded his orders and came to the assistance of Lawton, and by his brave efforts won deserved praise.

It was Lawton who faced the serious work. The character of the fighting in storming the main redoubt was not fully realized. The entrenchments lay west of the hill. Without cover the Americans, in their advance up the slope, were for fully 300 yards exposed to the volley fire of men protected to the shoulders in rifle pits. But they carried the trenches by successive rushes, pausing and huddling behind every bush or rut for temporary shelter from the rain of bullets, like storm-driven sheep. The wounded were dragged out of the death hall. After each pause the men, undaunted, pushed on, firing as they ran. When they reached the trenches the latter were full to the brim with the enemy's dead. The Spaniards had fled over the summit of the hill, but standing upon the bodies of their fallen comrades, they remained fighting valiantly to the end.

They refused to give way, but continued the work with their Mausers, enfilading the American line as it came over the trenches. One volley which a company of cavalry fired tumbled them forward on their faces. This was the charge in which the Sixth, Third, Ninth and Tenth cavalry and the Rough Riders, all dismounted, and in which the Twenty-sixth, Sixteenth and Twenty-second Infantry and the Seventy-first New York were engaged.

After the trenches and redoubts were taken came a bold attempt by the Spaniards to recover them. This occasioned the fiercest fighting and the greatest loss of the day. When the Spaniards broke behind the hill and passed between the reserves, who came forward with a rush upon our breathless men, striking and breaking the line in several places, their impetuosity for several minutes well-nigh made our boys waver. Then, rallying gallantly, they staggered forward, carrying confusion into the enemy.

Lawton's division bivouacked for the night near El Caney without fire. At 7 o'clock in the morning they were reinforced by Capt. Capron's battery, under Gen. Wheeler. Firing began at once. Promptly the Spanish answered the challenge from their forts and trenches. Grimes' battery, coming up, opened on the Spanish troops to the right.

The common powder used by our troops smoked, and was a fine target for the Spanish field battery, which was served by Admiral Cervera's marines. The accuracy of the aim was remarkable. While our smoke gave the enemy our range, Grimes could not locate the enemy's guns, which used smokeless powder, except approximately. But, satisfied as to the Spanish position, our men worked like mad. The Spanish fire gradually slackened, and in less than an hour it ceased altogether.

After that only one aggressive move was made by the Spaniards. It resulted in defeat, and they abandoned El Caney. At about 10 o'clock the enemy dashed straight for the American lines. In one or two places our men fell back from their position, but quickly rallied and drove the enemy back pell-mell into their own ditches.



The Spanish losses must have been frightful, as they were exposed to a terrific fire for a quarter of an hour. The losses on the American side were light, as our soldiers lay behind trees and had every advantage.

Even after capturing El Caney and San Juan and advancing upon Aguadores, the work of the Americans was not done. It was necessary to hold these positions against any sortie. Unless reinforcements arrived at once the men would be well-nigh exhausted by their difficult work and unprepared for any assault by the Spaniards. It was this precarious condition that existed on July 3, when the country was gravely alarmed by Shafter's dispatches. There was cause for alarm, not understanding the desperate straits in which Linares was, but there was no justification for the criticism of Gen. Shafter which was indulged in. His work was well done, and he deserves nothing but the highest praise. Subsequent developments soon proved these facts.

Hawaiian Music.
The singing of the native Hawaiians is always melodious and pleasing. The Kanakas have a quick ear for music and learn new airs with facility. Yet, no matter what selection is sung by the natives, and no matter how closely the notes are followed, the singing is always peculiarly plaintive, due, no doubt, to some subtle, indefinite quality of the singers' voices. Their singing is at its best out of doors, and particularly when they are upon the water and the airs are their own.—New York Press.



THE ATTACK ON SAN JUAN.

FAT WOMEN AND THIN ONES.

The Doctor Tells Some of His Troubles with Them.

"With the coming of hot weather comes also the usual army of women who want to get thin and the regiment of women who want to get fat!" said the specialist in the breathing spell between writing a prescription for a slim girl who wanted a muscle tonic and peering deep into the eyes of a woman who said she had nightmare when wide-awake, relates the New York advertiser. "I may jog along in comparative peace all the winter and spring, working and praying with hysteria and prostration and neurasthenia and anemia and other simple and soulful complaints, but just as soon as the warm days come and I begin to promise myself a little rest and relaxation, in pops Mrs. A. with an anxious face and fifty or sixty pounds for which she has no use and sets about bargaining with me as if I were a Shylock. She begs me with tears in her eyes to gaze upon her once sylph-like form and implores me to advise a 'surgical diet' for her. I tell her to row a boat and take a ten-mile walk at 5 o'clock every morning. I warn her against cataips, cool drinks, green peas, and all the other pleasures of life, and she goes away radiant. She always loses five or ten pounds during the summer, often more. Strength of will seems to develop with flesh. The slim woman is not nearly so persistent. A wasp-waisted little woman came in to see me this morning. She greeted me with a wave of her hand, flitted about to see the flowers in my window boxes, went into ecstasies over my new bookcase, straightened her hat before the mirror and called my attention to the little lines around her eyes, saying, 'You see how thin I am, and how old and ugly it makes me.' Every time



you fly around the room in that animated fashion you lose an ounce, said I. Then she sat down and spread her skirts out, poking them here and pulling them there, drew off her gloves, looked for her handkerchief, mopped her brow and sighed. 'There goes another ounce,' said I. 'A fat woman would have come into this office, plumped herself down in the first chair at hand and stayed there, skirt rumpled up or not. That's why she's fat.' Then I preached a sermon, for that is all I can do for the thin woman. She will listen to advice and likes to hear me draw glowing pictures of how she will look when she weighs 150, but she will not take her medicine—milk and oatmeal usually—and gets acute melancholia if forced to go to bed early. It's perplexing—the way in which dispositions are dealt out. The fat woman invariably loves to loiter and eat sweet things can be serene and unworried. The thin woman adores exercise, acorns sweetmeats and has a positive mania for work and worry. But between them they make a sea voyage necessary for me every July."

STAGE WHISPERS.
Lillian Russell is an insatiable poker fiend.
Baritone Del Puente has entered the vaudeville ranks.
Actor Max Fisman's mother is dead in New York of cancer.
Modjeska finds her chief home pleasures in playing the role of housekeeper. The peroxide blonde of the stage has been superseded by Her of the Titan Hair.
Bertha Walsinger will sing for us in Jefferson De Angella's opera company.
'No other case of church and stage: Effie Shannon's grandfather was a clergyman.
Louise Muldener has been engaged to act in Stuart Robson's company next season.
Our old friend Henry Clay Barnabee is picnicking among the Thousand Islands.
And now there is a gleam of hope that Gilbert and Sullivan will "get together" again.
Emily Rigi is engaged to "create" the leading part in a new Russian play called "Vladimir."
E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned Sothern will wend separate professional ways next season.
Adolphe D'Enery, author of "The Two Orphans and 209 other plays, has entered his 88th year.
"My Lady's Lord" is the name of a new play by that aspiring young Britisher, Henry V. Esmond.
"As a show town," says Leander Richardson, "Pittsburg is one of the terminal points of the death trail."
Denver, with the aid of Colorado's Supreme court, has put an effectual stopper on Sunday theatricals. It would be a good idea to stop them in every state.

AROUND THE GLOBE

The Passing Show That Makes the World's History.

The Bishop of Ballarat, in a recent report, gives the most harrowing details as to the results of the long-continued absence of rain in West Victoria. Rivers are dried up, water has to be carted for leagues, children half-died roam over the country with buckets, trying to find a little water; stock is dying by thousands on paddocks and roads; landscapes are bare of the least trace of vegetation and look like a desert battlefield. There really has been no rain for three years. The dry rivers and water holes are malarious, and give rise to fevers. Dead lambs may be seen by the hundreds; sheep look like slabs of wood. The heat rises to 111 degrees in the shade as early as 9 o'clock in the morning and there are many deaths among the aged and children. One sheep owner has lost 10,000 sheep. Most farmers have no returns at all, not having been able to get back their seed. Feed for stock is so scarce that even chaff brings \$25 a ton. One miller, who was accustomed to receive 50,000 bags of wheat a year, now receives not more than 5,000. Water is brought to some places on trains, and when the trains arrive they are boarded by frantic people, fighting each other for water.

Probably ten people know of Miss Braddon, the most popular of the women novelists of England, for one who has heard of her brother. Yet Sir Edward Braddon is a man of note, and has just celebrated his seventieth birthday while still in active service as Premier of Tasmania. His health, however, is far from good, and it is possible that he may resign. His career has been long and useful. If not brilliant, at the age of 18 he went to India to take a commercial appointment. During the mutiny he served with gallantry, and won admission to the Indian Civil Service, in which he attained high rank. After 20 years of service he retired to private life in Tasmania, but his neighbors insisted on sending him to Parliament, and since then he has remained in public life.

The popularity of horse racing in Russia is seriously threatened by the introduction of the reindeer as a rival of the horse. The reindeer is among the swiftest of quadrupeds, and can outstrip the swiftest of horses. It is estimated that he could give the fleetest Derby winner a start of half a mile and beat him easily over the Derby race course, while for a short distance he reaches a speed of sixty miles an hour. A St. Petersburg merchant has constructed a special course for this new sport, and the novel excitement is looked forward to with great eagerness by sports-loving Russians. It is expected that before long reindeer will be harnessed to sleighs, and that most exhilarating of pastimes made more exciting still.

The young Queen of Holland comes of age on her eighteenth birthday, which falls on the 31st of August, and will then ascend the throne, the regency of her mother ceasing. Her budding beauty has been raved over and written about as few other young women's looks have been; her mental qualities have been praised in the way to turn the head of a less vain young person, and, in a word, she has been the idol of the nation and the pride of every Dutchman since she first won their hearts as a cute child of 7 riding a pretty little Shetland pony. She will be crowned in the New Church, Amsterdam, on September 6.

The city of Como, the birthplace of Alexander Volta, is preparing to worthily celebrate in 1899 the hundredth anniversary of the invention of the voltaic or electric pile. To commemorate this important event, which has led to some of the greatest discoveries of the present century, there will be held at Como, from May 15 to October 15, an international electrical exhibition, to which will be annexed a national exhibition of the manufacture of silk—a branch of trade much developed in Como—and an international exhibition of the machinery, preparation and process of working the same.

A cyclist who has just returned from a pleasant tour round Paris has informed the Cycle that bicycle oiling has become a profitable industry in and around the capital. The "graisseurs pour bicyclettes," as they are called, usually post themselves at the bottom of the hills. When a bicyclist approaches they offer to oil his machine before he makes the ascent of the slope. They are also dotted along the level roads, ready for custom, and contrive to earn a fair share of money by the end of the day. The oilers are chiefly elderly men, but a few laxy youths have joined their ranks, and compete with them in the petty industry that is sometimes lucrative.

The Negus Menelik has informed his faithful subjects that he intends to set out in the year 1900 upon his long proposed pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which was hindered by his defensive war against Italy. He is anxious to see with his own eyes the Holy City of the Redeemer, and of King Solomon, where his ancestors, Queen Riklis of Sheba, was hospitably entertained by Solomon three thousand years ago. "Riklis," according to the Abyssinian tradition, was the name of the Biblical Queen of Sheba. In the old genealogical tree in the King's archives, Menelik's name is inscribed as the 97th descendant of Queen Riklis.

A Judge in Sydney, Australia, recently sentenced an offender to 12 months' imprisonment. He accepted the result like a philosopher, his only comment being to ask the judge to make it one month more. His Honor was staggered by the request, but was quickly enlightened. It seems that in any sentence over twelve months a prisoner is entitled to a remission of two months and five days for good behavior, but with sentences of 12 months and under there is no rebate. His Honor at once saw the reasonableness of the request, and gave the extra month as desired.

The financiers of Spain have been recently surprised to discover how much gold has existed in that country hoarded up in out-of-the-way corners of the realm. A rise in the exchange has had the effect of drawing many of these nondescript coins, dated 20, 50 and 100 years, and representing Spanish, Portuguese, French and English coinages, out from their hiding places. It is thought that there are substantial hoards still left. This represents figuratively the general condition of things in the Christian world, where a vast deal of hoarded and untapped treasure exists.

LAST OF A PARIS PRISON.

Salutation Which Will Be Heard No More on the Boulevards.

That salutation sometimes heard on the boulevards, "So you have at last come out of Mazas, old boy!" will have to be abandoned forever. The famous prison near the Gare de Lyon, which may be compared to the Holloway of London, has been itself condemned, after having long existed as the place of confinement of law-breakers, says a Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. Every day exactly eight prisoners out of the 900 confined in it are carefully handcuffed, placed in a black van and removed to the Sante, which is to be demolished hereafter. Mazas was built in 1845 and took the place of the La Force prison. It was for patriotic reasons it was called after Col. Mazas, who was shot at Austerlitz, but his family protested against so equivocal an honor. Hence the jail was officially known as the House of Cellular Confinement. The public, however, continued to refer to it as Mazas and that appellation will stick to it in history. It was originally given because it was on the Boulevard d'Austerlitz, and the memory of the brave colonel was thus sought to be perpetuated. Of late years the prison chiefly contained persons condemned to one year or less and was far more comfortable than in the old days when the system of solitary confinement in cells was rigorously practiced. Mazas had a few habitual offenders, who purposely broke the law in order to be sent there for the winter. One of these had contrived to make himself so agreeable and popular in the place that the governor used to shake hands with the fellow when he came to pass the rough weather inside the hospitable walls of the House of Cellular Confinement. In a year or so hence the prisons of the Seine will be established at Fresno, a short distance from Paris, where large monumental constructions are now in course of erection.

The Study of Bacteria.

Prof. E. E. Klein, speaking of "Modern Methods in Bacteriology" before the Royal Institution of Great Britain a short time ago, alluded to the great advances that have been made in this science since its inauguration by Koch in 1881-1882. So far has the study of bacteria developed that it is now possible not only to count, but also to weigh them. A postage stamp 7-8 inch long, and 3-4 wide would carry 500,000,000 of the typhoid fever bacilli, and if the layer were made a tenth of an inch deep, there would be 2,000,000,000,000. If fifteen drops of bacteria were let fall in a cup of broth, they would produce in twenty-four hours 80,000,000. The degree of refinement manifested by the bacteriologist in his researches is shown by the statement of the same authority that it is now possible to detect one part of sewage when contained in 600,000 parts of water.

New Hand Fire Engine.

Enthusiastic descriptions are given, according to the Philadelphia Record, of a new hand fire engine for use in suburban and country towns, where the public service is not within easy call, which has lately been brought out in Great Britain. This machine is portable, being mounted on a pair of strong iron wheels, and can pump fifty gallons of water per minute against a head of sixty-five feet, or, when used in emergency, can be forced to deliver one hundred gallons a minute. The engine rests on four iron feet, this position being effected by raising the handle of the carriage and lowering the boiler. It is of the quick-raising steam type, and may be run up to a working pressure in a few minutes, which for emergency work is, of course, of great importance. The pump can be disconnected readily.

Speed of the Sparrow Hawk.

When the sparrowhawk is swooping down on its prey, it cleaves space at the speed of 150 miles an hour.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

The sweet girl graduate and the college honor man are again in evidence in all their glory, but they have to be content with only a secondary place in the public interests this year. The all-engrossing subject of war has thrown them into temporary eclipse. This is rather hard, too, since most of these graduates now stand upon a pinnacle of prominence which will never be reached again by them after they descend to the dead level of the great seething world in which the rest of their lives must be passed. The only really fortunate students are those few who have enlisted and are able to come back in their uniforms to be graduated with their classes. These are the heroes of the hour. The valetudinarian and the prize winner are common people compared with thesefortunates.

It is not fair that all the glory should go to those few who have been able to don uniforms and go to the front. A nation's strength lies with the sturdy and industrious patriots who stay at home and do their duty there quite as much as with those who go to battle. Those young men who have found it to be their duty to complete their college work and enter business or professional lines in which they can repay the debts incurred in getting their education may serve their country no less than the other brave fellows who have enlisted. The girls and young women now about to receive their diplomas from high schools and colleges, in so far as these parchments are testimonials to their fitness for taking useful places in the nation's homes and offices and schoolrooms, deserve all the transient glory that can be shed upon their commencement exercises.

For the moment, however, action and not learning is in the ascendant. Brave deeds have always counted for more than wise words in the world's history, and it is not strange that book lore is for the time cast into the shade. Both have their places; in fact, learning and thought are the forerunners of great deeds. If Lieut. Hobson had not been a thorough student and a skilled mechanic he could never have conceived or executed the gallant deed that will perpetuate his name. If Admiral Dewey had not had a third of a century of training he could never have won so brilliant a victory at Manila. If our American sailors were not men of intelligence and mechanical skill they would be as helpless on their great battleships as the Spaniards have been. Thus, though the glorious deeds are apt to eclipse the years of humdrum schooling as the flower eclipses the bud, the school years and the bud are none the less valuable for all that.

It is necessary to strike a balance once in a while between thought and action. This is what the country is doing just now. We had drifted into a state where almost all the energies of the nation were being turned inward. Such a state is not permanently healthful, and a reaction was bound to come some time. Like the reaction against introspective novels, seen in the recent wave of swashbuckling romances, the present martial spirit of the nation is natural and healthful. For the moment it may be a little disconcerting to the students and graduates who find themselves robbed of the public eclat which they had a right to expect, but their turn will come later in the enlarged opportunities that will belong to them as citizens in an enlarged and glorified nation.

Then give the college graduate all the honor that can be spared from the brave boys at the front, and tell him that his book lore is of use only in so far as it can be made to blossom henceforth into deeds. Whether the deeds be martial ones, or commercial or professional, they may be equally patriotic and honorable. But the special meed of glory will still be reserved for the soldier, and it is well that it is so. It will be a sorry day for the nation when its pulses fail to thrill to the sound of the martial bugle.—Ex.

Suicides in Paris.
In Paris, where in 1836 seven or eight suicides were recorded per year, the number now reaches from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, about one daily.

DON'T.

- Don't go out walking in a driving rain.
- Don't marry a girl who isn't willing to do her share of the work on a tandem.
- Don't think because a judge is small that he isn't a fine-imposing man.
- Don't marry a girl who isn't industrious if you have no other means of support.
- Don't write popular songs if you would retain the good-will of your fellow-men.
- Don't think because a youth is a blooming idiot that he is the flower of the family.
- Don't forget that ignorance of the law excuses no man—except the man with a pull.
- Don't think because a man is idle that he is a loafer. He may have a political job.
- Don't figure on marrying a model wife unless you are an artist and understand figures.
- Don't attempt to buy up every man who has his price unless you have the world's money market cornered.
- Don't think it's what people know about the hereafter that frightens people—it's what they don't know.—Daily News.

A mixture of equal quantities of best paraffin oil and salad oil makes an excellent sewing machine oil.